

TOAD ATTACK!

TOAD ATTACK!

PATRICE LAWRENCE

With illustrations by
Becka Moor

Barrington Stoke



First published in 2019 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk



Text © 2019 Patrice Lawrence
Illustrations © 2019 Becka Moor

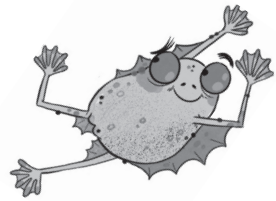
The moral right of Patrice Lawrence and Becka Moor to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-844-2

Printed in China by Leo



To Aliya, for the inspiration!

CONTENTS

1. A Toad on the Head 1

2. A Toad Called Twerky 7

3. Toads of Terror 12

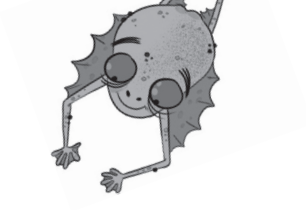
4. Monster Toads 24

5. Toads on the Roads 39

6. Toad Attack 52









Chapter 1

A Toad on the Head

On Wednesday morning, Leo Hogg stepped out of his house and was hit on the head by a toad. It bounced off, slid down his nose and landed on his left shoe. Leo's small brown eyes stared into the toad's big red ones. Leo blinked. So did the toad. Then the toad flicked out its tongue, pushed down on Leo's foot and flew up onto the low branch of a nearby tree. It hopped higher and higher until it was balancing on a thick twig at the top. A breeze ruffled the leaves. The toad wobbled, then fell, but instead of landing in a splat at Leo's feet, it caught a



gust of wind and flew up and over Leo's roof until it was gone.

"Leo?" Granddad was by the front door. "Have you forgotten something?"

"No, Granddad, it's just ..." Leo looked up at his roof. A pigeon was sitting on the satellite dish and looking down at the road as if it owned it. There were no toads anywhere. Had Leo dreamed the flying toad? "It's nothing, Granddad," he said.

"Hurry up, then! Oh, and can you come by the workshop on your way home? I need you to help me fix Lisa Tank's golf brolly. That umbrella needs a lot of work."

"Can't Mum help?" Leo asked.

"She's busy working on a new type of tornado umbrella. Even the strongest winds won't turn it inside out."

"We don't have many tornadoes in Upper Dab, Granddad."

Granddad smiled. "True. But they do in other places. Your mum reckons that these will be her best brollies ever."

Leo smiled back at Granddad. "Like the umbrellas that could turn into cat beds?"

"Don't be cheeky, Leo. I think your mum's on to something this time. One day, we'll have a real umbrella shop again."

A noisy crowd of Upper Dab High School students were waiting for the bus opposite Leo's house. It was funny to think that Leo would be heading to secondary school next year. Would he ever be as tall as them? They were too busy chatting to see what was on the litter bin next to them. It was another toad, pale yellow like the last. It leaped up, legs springing out like party poppers behind it. It landed on top of the bus-stop sign. Leo's heart

was thumping hard. He hadn't imagined it. Toads could fly. He'd never seen that before.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. Leo took it out and checked it. It was a text from his best friend, Rosa:

Get here quick, Leo!

He texted back:

I'm walking as quick as I can!

She replied straight away:

Run, Leo! Run!

Why?

You'll see!

He shoved his phone deep into his pocket and crossed the road to Dab Deals industrial estate. He tightened the straps of his rucksack, took a deep breath and RAN! He sprinted

through the empty car park, jumped over the small fence by Bug In A Rug carpet shop and tore through Clackers housing estate. He staggered out onto Dab Drive and through the school gates.

Rosa had already arrived at Dab Juniors and was sitting on the wall by the nature garden. The gate was open and Leo could see Mr Pringle, the head teacher, watering the flowerbeds and pots.

"What took you so long?" Rosa said.

Leo took off his rucksack and flopped down next to her. "Something really odd happened."

Rosa held up her phone to show him. "Something odd like this?"

